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## Fruits of their labor.



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### Chapter 1 by John

My grandfather told me of the little men that live in his garden. They made the flowers bloom and the apples grow. The little men were his friends. I was only a kid, but I looked for those little men in freezing snow and blistering heat. Those little men may still be here, but they are not real or so I thought when I came back. I am Joseph Pace the niece little kid who looked for the little men. I inherited this house after my grandfather died from cancer. His final wish was for me to take over his house and look over his garden. I hadn't planned to move in, but something changed my mind. It all started three weeks after I had been there.

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